

It shall never be the same
we would not want that.
But ask for another sound
to bear us on the crowded swells
to rock us gently, to send us
down the dark precincts of some
shattered step, and buoy us up again.
Remember the bells of that Sunday.
Do not forget
they will never be quite
the same as on that day.
But we were there
we were there.

-- Marc Widershien

Brookline MA

ON THE NATURE OF ANGELS

You have accurately noted how they tread
the airy waters of our upper-story
windows, summoning us to an exalted
final swim, and you have noted how they fall
into the freshly-opened blossoms of our beds,

how they ravish us with the sleek marble cocks
that one finds everywhere so mysteriously
broken from the groins of statues. Our wedlocks
are picked by them: we discover in our wives
some seedling sparks from the same fireworking shocks

that bomb-burst through our body's every cell.
As children, we prayed to be their wards, wanting
them to column night's galleries that fell
around us, to atlas the magically seen-through
skies of our rooms. We were not ready for the angel

that nearly alighted on us, dragonflying
over our succumbed bodies, and were surprised
that they had sex, surprised at how much it stings,
surprised by its warmth, and by their tongues inside
our mouths repeating their fluttering wings.